OPERA

CALLED,

Brutus of Alba:

OR,

Augusta's Triumph.

As it is ACTED

At the THEATRE, in *Dorset-Garden*,

By His Majesty's Servants.

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Onley*, for *Sam. Briscoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-street*, near *Russel-street*, *Covent-garden*. MDC XCVII.

Having received very large Encouragement already, from several Persons of Honour and Quality, there will speedily be Publish'd, *A Second Volume of Familiar Letters*, written by the late Lord *Rochester*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Sir *George Etherege*. If any Gentlemen are willing to Oblige the Publick with any Letters of those Honourable Persons, they are desired to send them to *Sam. Briscoe*, in *Covent-Garden*, who will Print them in the next Volume.

Dramatis Personæ.

Brutus
Locrinus
Arsaracus
Coreb
Herfius
Spungias
La Friske

OR

WOMEN.

Amarante
Ragusa

SINGERS.

Augusta — *Neptune*
Thamesis — *Bacchus*
Apollo — *Cupid*
Juno — *Mars*
Hermes — *Nestor*
Iris — *Tritons*
Pluto
Alecto
Minos
Proteus

Fame } *Angello* } Airy Spirits
Seraphina

TO
Sam. Briſcoe, Bookſeller.

MR. BRISCOE,

SVre none can prove a Warmer Patron to a Book, than the Bookſeller for whom 'tis Printed; nor can any one have a juſter Title to the Dedication of a Play, than he who uſes to pay ſo largely moſt Dedicators. You promis'd to ſtand Godfather to this Off-ſpring of a Nameleſs Parent; and, as 'tis like to make ſome Figure in the World; we hope it will ſoon Recompence your Liberality to thoſe who uſher it into it: For, while other Patrons often purchaſe nothing but empty Air, and are ſwell'd with it, to the Decay of their more ſolid Parts; but you are for more ſubſtantial Gain, and get Money for Paper, while they get nothing but Paper for Money.

Moſt Readers rather judge of the Worth of a Book, by the Name of the Bookſeller that Prints it, than by that of the Great Man to whom 'tis Inſcrib'd, and thus muſt needs be thought the better, as being not only Printed for you, but Dedicated to you, who are fam'd for Printing few Things but what are Uſeful and Entertaining, and who have a full Scribler, as much as he hates a ſevere Criticiſm; or we, both Scribles and Criticks, within Pit, or a long Vacation. And, indeed, this Opera will require no leſs powerful an Intereſt, than your's Mr. Briſcoe: *For you know, that many Books are only thought bad, through the Prejudice of moſt Readers againſt their Nameleſs Writers, as if thoſe Works were not worth owning; and many are thought good only for the ſake of the Author's Fame. Thus, let the beſt Maſter of Poetry, but publiſh a Poem without owning it, great numbers of Faults will be found, which otherwiſe wou'd perhaps paſs as Beauties. Now your Recommendation-Name, Mr.* Briſcoe, *will infallibly ſupply the Want of the Authors; and thus his Modeſty will only prove like thoſe Shades that add ſtrength to Pictures, and ſet the Beauties in a truer Light. For who can be ſuppoſed to underſtand*

Plays better than you, whose Business they have been so long, and who wholly Converse with the Ingenious and Bookish-*Part of the World? Who but knows, what a kind Influence depends on you, from the Superior Orbs of Wit, with which you are so often in Conjunction? And 'tis but just it shou'd be so; for while most Libraries are made up of the Outcasts of Booksellers Shops, young, Mr.* Briscoe, *chear'd by the Beams darted from the Neighbouring Spheres, is like a flourishing Garden, where every Day springs new Variety of the choicest Productions of Nature improv'd by Art; and thence the whole* Letter'd World *receives constant Supplies of the* Useful *and the* Pleasing, *without which it* can no more subsist, than without the daily Concourse of Providence. *There we borrow'd this Similie, Mr.* Briscoe, *which, by the way, confirms our Assertion; and there many others borrow, who do not so much care to acknowledge it: There from the Grave Politician, to the frothy Sonneteer, from the Courtly Critick on Cloths, to the implacable Critick on Sense; from the All-Contemning Lord of Rhyme, to the All-admiring Country Wit, All-Wits, and Wou'd-be-Wits, are seen; too happy many of 'em, in finding Something too Read in the Morning, that may enable 'em to Chat over their Tea in the Evening, without being reduc'd to pass six long Hours in a Balcony, in making Criticisms upon the Mobb. But we forgot that you and we are Men of Business; nor need we say any more to Recommend this Piece to you, and the Town, to whose Generous Indulgence we leave it; heartily wishing, you may sell off as many Impressions of it, as we wish ourselves Benefactors on* Wednesday, *and* Saturday *next, the Visiting Days of*,

Your Friends and Servants,

Monday, *Octob.* 16, 1699.

GEORGE POWELL,
JOHN VERBRUGGEN.

BRUTUS of ALBA:

OR,

AUGUSTA's TRIUMPH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is, *The River of* Thames, *the Prospect reaches as far as can be seen from the Bridge, in a clear Day: On one side of the Stage, lies* Augusta, *attended by Cities; on the other,* Thamesis, *attended by Rivers;* Angello *hovering in the Air. After a Symphony of Musick,* Angello *speaks.*

Angel. WAke, wake *Augusta! Thamesis* awake!
Leave of your mourning for your absent Lord:
From the bright Court of Love, I'm hither sent,
To chear your Drooping Spirits, and inform you,
The Guardian of this once Unhappy Island,
Returns with Safety from his *Gallick* Foes.

Tham. Oh thou Bright Vision! Thus we kneel before thee;
Thus pay our Thanks to those Almighty Powers,
That have Preserv'd the Great, the God-like *Brutus.*

Aug. O send our *Albion*, send him quickly to us:
Guard him, good Heaven, Preserve him from his Foes;
For when he falls, *Augusta* is no more.

Ang. Once more I charge you, to dismiss your Fears,
For Heav'n has made him its peculiar Care.

Seraphino

Seraphino *Descends.*

See here the Guardian Heav'n has appointed
Still to Attend, and to Preserve his Person.

Hermes *Descends in his Chariot, drawn by Ravens.*

Her. And *Hermes* too appears, to chear your Sorrows.

Hermes *Sings.*

Thou Glorious Babylon stand, for ever stand,
Well worthy thou to Entertain
The God of Traffick, and of Gain,
To draw the Concourse of the Land,
And Wealth of all the Main.

Augusta *Sings.*

O Hermes, *pity take*
Of her, who Europe's Pride was seen,
And this fair Isle's Imperial Queen.
Albion's *Darling Bride adorn'd,*
Till my Absent Lord I mourn'd.
And whilst my Turtle-moans I make,
Oh Hermes, *pity take.*

Thamesis *Sings.*

And I the Noble Flood, who pour
My Plenteous Urn on her Rich Shoar,
No more the Prince of Fields, I Reign,
Nor she the Queen of Albion's Fame.

Aug. *Oh* Hermes, *pity take.*
Tha. *Oh* Hermes, *pity take.*
Cho. To thee for pity now we call,
O! God-like *Hermes*, pity all.
Mer. *Cease, fair* Augusta, *cease thy Sorrow,*
And tho' to Day thou mourn'st, thou'lt smile to Morrow.
Thy Morning Prayer, and Evening Dreams,
Thy Albion *with his smiling Beams,*
Returns so Glorious, Bright and Gay,
He Rivals the Great God of Day.

Cho.

Chorus. Our *Albion* with his smiling Beames,
Hermes. While *Gallick* Foes which Envy see
Your Monarch's happy Victory,
Augusta, ought not to Despair,
For *Albion*'s Heavens peculiar Care. (*Mercury Ascends.*

Tha. *Since our* Albion *is returning*
All our blazing Bonfires Burning,
Joyn each Loyal Heart and Hand,
Each Attending
All Knees Bending
Triton's *Sounding*
Shores Rebounding,
Send my Jolly Neptunes *Sons to Land.*
A Dance of Nerieds

Augustus, Thamesis, *and their Attendance all Sink.*

Ang. Now, *Seraphina*, to perform your Charge,
Locrindus Son to this Victorious King,
Is on his march, and will be here this Night.
The false *Arsaracus* that was left in Charge
Of this blest Island, and fair *Amarante*
Who is by Contract joyn'd to the Young Prince,
Tries by all Arts he can, to gain her Love:
The Curst Magician *Coreb* does attend him,
And Calls the Powers of Hell to his Assistance;
Therefore you must be Watchful, *Seraphine.*
Ser. Fear not my *Angel* lo but see he comes,
His working Brain, I know Presages Mischief,
But he shall find that all the Power of Hell
Will prove too Poor and Weak, to Combat Heaven.
(*They both Ascend.*

The Scene continues. Enter Arsaracus Solus.

Arf. Why am I thus perplext? She's in my Power;
But Oh! What Power can stand against her Beauty?
Am I to blame to Court the smiles of her,
Who Captivates the Heart of Royal *Brutus*

That mighty Conqueror submits to her.
He that is Born the certain Scourge of *Gaul*;
He that with Conquest still comes Ushered Home,
Our Second *Mars* yields to this Lovely *Venus*.

Enter the Amarante *Reading.*

Behold she comes; Oh! wou'd our Artists draw
A Scene of Heaven; there is the lovely Pattern.
Am. Surpriz'd by him alone, Oh! my just Fear.
Arsa. Why do ye flie me then, my beauteous Charge?
Am. Why do ye Haunt me thus, Deceitful Guardian?
Arsa. Can you Condemn the wretch who ventures Life
To obtain Food, when Famine has oppress'd him;
When the poor Slave tuggs at the Labouring Oar,
His Body Gash'd with Stripes, and Parch'd by th' Sun;
His Eye-lids shrowding in their drowzie Balls,
His Joynts quite Numb'd, and yet Compell'd to Toyl;
Is he to blame to beg of Heaven for Ease?
Amar. They that Requeſt of Heaven what is unjust shou'd
Not alone denial meet, but Punishment,
When our Great Master left his drooping Kingdom,
Left the soft Joys of Peace for dangerous War,
When he had Conquer'd his resistless Love
And left me to the Prince his Royal Son;
He then, my Lord, bequeath'd me to the Care;
And sure he thought your Virtue was so firm,
You wou'd not Ruine, what you shou'd Protect.
Arsa. If Kneeling thus with humble Adoration,
Begging of you my only Heaven, for Mercy;
If Sighs and gushing Tears, and broken Slumbers
With all the Racks of a despairing Lover.
If these speak Ruine, sure they speak to me.
Amar. What wou'd you have me do?
Arsa. Give me your Love.
Amar. I cannot
Arsa. Why?
Amar. It is the Princes Right.
The Prince, the Noble Prince, the Prince that rais'd you;
Royal *Locrinus*, that bestow'd all Favours
That you could Ask, or he had power to give.

Arsa.

Arsa. What Titles, Power, or Wealth can he bestow,
To equal the bright Jewel he takes from me
Empires and Worlds, wou'd be too mean a prize
To Purchase the vast Treasure of your Love.

Amar. Empires and Worlds, can never change my Heart;
Oh! No 'tis fixt, 'tis rooted to my Lord's.
Here on my Knees, to Heaven and you I swear,
If you persist on this ungrateful Subject,
The King and Prince shall know how faithfully
You have Discharged the Trust they laid upon you.

Arsa. Yet stay and hear me. (*Offers to Go.*

Amar. No, I never will,
Till you have found some other Theme to talk of.

Arsa. Farewell then, scornful Beauty; now by Love! (*Exit.*
That Love which thou so ill repay'st; I'll have thee
At last, thy Body shall be mine; thy Mind,
Dispose on as thou wilt; 'tis Proud and Vain.

Enter Coreb.

O *Coreb!*

Cor. How now my Lord, still plagu'd with hopeless Love,
Still in pursuit of one, who flies with scorn,
Still asking Heaven, for what it will not grant.
Why do ye not Command your Faithful *Coreb*
That has the power, as well as will, to serve you:
My Art has yet never been known to fail;
Pluto, *Allecto*, all have own'd my Charms:
The Infernal Court has waited my Command,
And shall agen, to serve *Arsaracus.*

Arsa. O *Coreb!* cou'd I purchase *Amarante*
But for a Night, for that one happy Night,
I'd be content to bear Eternal Pain;
All Pains, all Torments, but the Wracks of Love.

Cor. Be Cool, my Lord, and take Advice from me,
The King has o're the Gauls a Victory gain'd,
Locrinus too, his Son has won much Honour.
Who privately this Night comes to the Court;
The King is likewise Landed, and will be
At *London* in two Days, and on the third,

The Marriage 'twixt *Amarante* and the Prince,
Will be with ſplendour Solemnized.
Arſa. Their Marriage!
Is this the Comfort, that you made me hope;
O you have ſtruck a Fire into my Veins,
That muſt be quenched with Blood.
Cor. I, now y've hit it.
'Tis Blood, and Royal blood, muſt work your Cure;
You ſhall not find me poor in my Aſſiſtance,
For I will give you Beauty, and a Crown;
A Crown, my brave *Arſaracus*, think on that,
Open thy Heart, and let Ambition in,
That glorious Ornament, to Valiant Soul.
Arſa. A Crown, and her I Love; Oh! thou haſt rouz'd me,
But ſay, my better Self, ſay thou great Artiſt;
Thou that haſt Hell at thy command, ſay how,
How ſhall I graſp the ſubſtance of thoſe ſhadows
That Dance about in glittering Forms before me.
Cor. Be ſtill and ſilent, ſilent as the Grave,
And what ſo e're you ſee or hear, be conſtant;
Now you ſhall find, whatever 'tis I promiſe,
The whole Infernal Court ſhall ratifie.
You great Commanders of the *Stygian* Lake,
To whoſe known Power your Votary thus bowes.
Honour his Art, (and grace it with your Preſence,)
Whoſe Soul and Body is at your diſpoſe.

The Scene Changes to a Poetical Hell; there is a Figure of the Prometheus *Chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture knawing his Liver;* Siſiphus *rowling the Stone beyond abundance of Figures in various Torments; then a great Arch of Fire, behind this a Pyramide of Flames in perpetual agitation; behind this glowing Fire which Terminates the Proſpect; then riſes the Court of* Pluto, *with him the Furies and* Alecto.

Pluto

Pluto *Sings.* *From Hills of Ice, and Heaps of rowling Snow,*
From Lakes of Fire, that neither Ebb nor Flow;
From Sulphurous Flames, and from Peſtiferous Miſts,
From Terrors Infinite, where howling Guſts,
Almoſt Affect there Torturers with their Cries,
Where Souls for ever Burn, and never Die;
Where Miſery is always but begun,
And only Wretched certainties are known,
Come we to know, what Coreb *wou'd Demand.*

Coreb. Great Prince, whoſe Faithful Subject I have been,
I do not now demand, but do implore,
That you wou'd grant your Aid to this young Lord;
Love and Ambition both poſſeſs his breaſt,
Valiant he is, and has a daring Soul
Fit to command the Empire of the World.
Pluto. What wou'd you have me do?
Cor. Moſt mighty Prince,
I have with ſtricteſt Care aſſiſted him;
But all my Magick Powers too weak alone;
For by my Art I find ſome Heavenly Being,
Some Guardian Angels has the Charge of *Brutus,*
That ſtill prevents his and *Auguſta*'s Ruine,
Therefore once more, I do implore your Aid,

PLUTO Sings.

Of all my whole Infernal Brood,
I'll give you one well Nurſt in Blood;
The Eldeſt Child of black Perdition,
One that is fit to ſerve Ambition.

Alecto. *See Noble Prince, how ready he ſtands*
With Blood-ſhed Eyes, and Crimſon Hands!

Minos. *He the glorious Work will do,*
For Miſchief's his Delight,
The Bloody Buſineſs then purſue;
And ſtrow'd his Glories in Eternal Night.
He was for mighty Miſchief made,
Miſchief is his Darling Trade.

Fury

Fury. *Great Prince, I am at hand,*
To Obey thy great Command;
And Fear not me,
For you shall see
His great Renown
I'll soon pull down,
From its tow'ring Eagles Flight,
That soar'd high as the Poles,
To Creak with the Bat
And Hoot, Hoot, Hoot, with the Owles,

Chorus. Then you Furies advance,
Lead, lead up a Dance,
All shall be well
And we'll frolick in Hell
For our Enemy now we are humbling,
Make his Subjects Rebel
We shall soon fill up Hell,
And rejoyce, while the Wretches are Tumbling.

Advance of Furies.

Cor. Now brave *Arsaces*, is there now a prospect
That your vast wishes are to be obtain'd.
Arsa. I am a Man, a Man not used to fear.
But at this sight each Artery is numb'd,
My Blood is chill'd, and has not power to flow:
Say, I shou'd now desist, and go no farther;
Then may his Magick be employed on me,
To make me worse then Damn'd; to make me see
Despair in all its Forms, to make me Mad,
And feel Hell here, and a worse Hell hereafter.
Cor. What i'st, my Lord, you pause on.
Arsa. Oh, I'll tell thee,
The Image of those miserable Wretches
In all their different, yet Eternal Tortures
Has quite Un man'd me, blown out all that Fire,
Love and Ambition, kindled in my Breast.
Cor. You would desist then.
Arsa. Yes, I would my *Coreb.*
Coreb. And quit the glorious Game, you'd so long Hunted.

Arsa.

Arsa. Ha.

Cor. See the bright *Amarante* made your Rival's
Her Beauteous Treasures Rifled by another,
Close lock'd within *Locrinus*'s longing Arms,
Feasting on Pleasures, while you feed on Pains;
And when he knows, as he will surely know
Your Treacherous Design to undermine him;
Oh what a grateful sight it must be to you!
To see your Honours all at once strip't off;
And he that might have been a Monarch here,
Thrust out a poor Discarded Wanderer.

Arsa. No more, O *Coreb!* Thou hast fixt me now
Firm as a Rock to our great resolution;
Methinks I see my self already Crown'd,
The trembling Fair, brought blushing to the Temple;
The Priest prepared for the wish'd Ceremony;
The Night come on, the Bridal Bed Adorn'd,
While I Transported with her powerful Charmes,
Do to the height of all my bliss make haste
And for that happy Hour,
Forgive whole Ages of my Torments past. *Exit.*

Coreb. Go on, deluded Wretch, thou shalt not fool
Nor our great Masters Empire want for Subjects,
While *Coreb* rules on Earth.
Since *Coreb*, by Heavens wrath is dasht to Hell;
Since all my hopes of future bliss are gone,
I'll make more Fools into destruction run,
For 'tis some pleasure not to fall alone.

ACT.

Act II. Scene I.

The Scene is a very pleasant Garden; in the midst of the great Walk is a Fountain, and on each side the Stage large Figures, standing in Shells, at the farther end is fill'd with Cascades.

Enter Amarante *and* Ragusa.

Amar. Where's the pretty Talking Boy, *Ragusa*, I entertained this Morning?

Rag. He follow'd you into the Garden, Madam.

Amar. And have you seen him Cloath'd?

Rag. As you commanded.
I think you've well bestow'd your Charity.

Amar. 'Twas pity he should have remain'd a Beggar;
Each word he speakes, methinks gives Harmony.
Pray call him hither, for I love to see him.

Enter Seraphino, *like a Page.*

Rag. He's coming this way, Madam.

Amar. Come hither, *Seraphino.*

Sera. Most honoured Lady, I attend your pleasure.

Amar. Thy voice sends forth such Musick, that I never
Was Ravisht with a more Celestial Sound,
Were every Servant in the World like thee,
So full of Goodness, Angels wou'd come down
To dwell with us; in this short day thou'st given me,
More pleasure then my Life produced before;
But it grows late, I'd have thee go to rest,
I fear thy Youth cannot dispence with watching.

Sera. O my dear Lady; I could weary Stars;
And force the wake full Moon to lose her Eyes,
To watch and wait by you, I'm blest, when with you,
Therefore my most loved Lady, do not bid

Your

Your Boy that loves you to depart from you,
For then you'll break his heart.

Amar. Be nigh me still then,
In Golden Letters I'll set down this day
Which gave thee to me; little did I think
To meet such Worlds of comfort in a Child,
When I beheld my little Beggar boy
Craving an Almes, which I with joy bestow'd
I did believe thou'sd prove my chief delight.

Sera. I shall be proud if my poor weak endeavours
Can please so good a Mistress.

Amar. I have offer'd
Handfuls of Gold but to behold thy Parents,
I prithee, my dear boy, let me but see 'em,
Come, be not ashamed.

Sera. I am not. I did never
Know who my Mother was, but by you Pallace
Till'd with Celestial Courtiers, I dare assure you
My Father is in Heaven, and, Noble Mistress,
If your Bright hour Glass do spend its sand
No worse then it does now, upon my life
You and I both shall meet my Father there,
And he shall bid us welcome.

Amar. Pretty Child, how Charming is his Language.

Enter Spungius *and* Hercius.

Now, Sirs, have you disposed my Charity as I ordered?

Spun. Disposed it, yes Madam, we have disposed it;
For my part, Madam, I'm amazed at your Ladiships
Bounty, here have you out of your own Pocket
To day, reliev'd at least half a dozen Prisoners,
And this you think is Charity, when to my knowledge
Half of 'em eat well from the Basket before,
And now they're out they can't tell where to get a dinner.

Her. Ay ay, Madam, my Fellow *Spungius* says
True, here do you Fast, and Pray, and give to
The Poor to save their Souls, while they are

Curſing, Swearing, Eating and Drinking, to
Preſerve their Bodies.

Ama. How dare you call my Charity in queſtion?

Sera, My fellow ſervants, I wou'd have you all
Pitty the Poor, think of the many Bleſſings
That wait upon the Charitable hand,
The riches that you will enjoy hereafter
For a ſmall mite beſtowed upon the needy.

Amar. 'Tis well ſaid, *Seraphina*, and be ſure
You follow his good counſel.

Har, Hark'e Brother *Spungius*, who is this whipſter?

Spun. Peace, peace, 'tis my Lady's Page, ſhe found
Him mumping at the Temple dore this Morning,
And out of his patches of Canvas and Buckram,
She has put him into Silks and Satten.

Her. Ay ay, Brother, ſhe's a Charitable Woman, reſt her Soul,
She took us from the Gallows as I take it, and inſtead
of a Brace of Halters about our necks, beſtowed a brace of Gold
Liveries upon our Backs.

Spun. We muſt have a great care *Hercius* how we talk,
For that's a Develiſh religious young ſpark,
He has entertain'd my Lady all this morning
With nothing but diſcourſes of *Elizium*.

Her. Elizium, Prithee what's that?

Spun. Nay, Faith I can't tell, he ſays he'l give us
An account of it one time or other.

Amar. Come, Dear *Auguſta*, the Air methinks grows cold,
Let's in.

Rag. Walk this way, Madam, for if I miſtake not,
I ſee my Lord *Arſaracus* coming yonder.
His looks are full of Joy, I hope, *Raguſa*,
He brings ſome News of my dear Lord's return.

Ragu. Gray Heaven he may, for I am ſtill in fear
His flighted love at laſt may turn to hate.

Enter Arsaracus.

Arsa. Madam, I beg you'd pardon this intrusion,
But I have news will give you double joy.
The dazling Vertues that enrich your mind,
Has turn'd the Love which was by you despis'd
To true repentance, for my great presumption.

Joanna. O, could I but believe your words were real,
Could I but think you had Master'd your wild passion,
I shou'd with Joy, not Anger, look upon you.

Rich. Then on my Knees, behold me a true Convert,
My straggling thoughts of honour all call'd back,
My Duty and Allegiance fine to fame,
That Heaven it self applauds, and Hell cant change it.

Sera. Heaven knows thy heart, but Hell commands thy actions.

Rich. Now, Madam, since I have with humblest duty
Express'd my sorrow for my bold presumption,
I hope you will recall your wonted goodness,
And tho I have err'd, make not my error known
To my much injur'd Prince, and Royal Friend,
Who is Arrived, and with impatience Lost,
Directs his steps this way.

Joanna. Ha! What said you?
Is my dear Lord in safety then return'd?
Oh! for thy News be all thy faults forgotten;
For what thou hast said, brings to my heart more Joy
Then thy ten welcome Love, before brought horror.

Rich. The Shouts and Trumpets do proclaim him near;
May you be still a blest and happy pair
While life does last, and Hell make haste to part you.

Aside.

Trumpets sound, Enter Locrinus *attended.*

Locri. Enough good Heaven, You'ave recompenc'd my pains.
The Toils, the Hardships and the many dangers
I have pass'd through, you now have well rewarded.
So when the Soul is from the body fled,
Driven by Convulsive torments from its mansion,
Is of a sudden snatcht to endless bliss,
And all the wounds that it received on Earth
Healed at last by the sweet balm of Heaven.

Astur. Oh! My dear Prince, my ever honour'd Lord,
Your sight brings joys to great to be express'd,
Now farewel all my fears, all my disquiets,
You like the Sun have chased those Clouds away,
That hung between my happiness and me.

Locri. Durst any slavish fear invade thy breast,
A Mansion fit for Angels to inhabit.
O let no Cares ever approach my fair one,
The burthen of thy sorrows lay on me,
And all the blessings of the World be thine.

Arsar. Ten Thousand welcomes to my much lov'd Lord,
And may success still wait upon his Arms,
May he continue still the pride of *Europe*,
And Love and Conquest Crown his Youthful brows.

Locri. Arsaracus, my best and truest Friend,
Thou faithful Guardian of this most loved Treasure,
Were I the Monarch of this Glorious Island,
Nay, were the Universe at my dispose
I cou'd not in that vast extent of Riches
Find out a Recompence for all thy care.

Ars. I am, my Lord, sufficiently rewarded,
The Joy of seeing you so safe return'd
Brings double blessings to your faithful Servant.

Sera. Dissembling Hypocrite. (*Aside.*

Ama. My dearest Lord, the night comes fast upon us,
And the bleak Air compels us to withdraw.

Loc. We will, my fairest; let me have one look more,
Here cou'd I grow, gaze upon thee ever,

For

For all the Beauties of thy Sex are in thee.
Devouring Cankers gnaw upon her Beauty,
Till she's despised, and scorned, as I am by her. (*Aside.*

Locri. Before the Sun has finish'd twice his course
I shall have full possession of my wishes.
The King my love, the King my Royal Father,
Has given his Consent to make me happy,
And Crown my Joys with thy desired embraces.
Oh, the distracting hours that are to come,
Till *Hymen* Torch light to our Nuptial bed.
Impatience makes me angry with the Sun,
Who has so little care of longing Lovers,
As not to change his constant lazy course;
Were he a pitying God, he'd Lash his Steeds,
And drive his fiery Chariot with such haste,
That the Circumference of the mighty Globe
In one short hour shou'd be encompass'd round.

Amar. Oh that your love won'd keep thus firm for ever.
Forgive me, my dear Lord, forgive my fears,
I do not doubt your Faith, but my own Merits.

Locri. Thou Sha't not doubt, I'm sure thou need'st not doubt,
For the Poles are, not firmer fixt then I am.
Heaven, thô it cast our Bodies in two moulds,
Gave but one Soul, which cannot be divided.
We, my *Joanna*, the decrees of Fate
Shall first be blotted from their Sacred Roules.
Bright *Phebus* round the World refuse to move,
And cease to Shine, e'er I can cease to Love. (*Ex.*

Manet Rich.

Arsa. The Curse of Jealousie infect your minds,
But wherefore does the knawing Worm despair,
Posses me now, now when my hopes shind fair
To ruin him, both in his Love and Fortune,
Coreb.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. My Lord.
Arsa. My ever faithful Friend.

Now

Now is the time, now if thou would'st assist me
Lend me thy speedy Counsel what to do.

Cor. My Lord, I have follow'd hitherto your fortunes,
And cannot rest till I have shewn my self
What I profes, your true and faithful Servant.
I see the Princes Love is desperate, but withal,
I see a way to quench his violent flame,
As thus;
We must infect his mind with Jealousie.

Arsa. That he your quill; the rest let me perform.

Rich. What dost thou mean? Which way can he be jealous
That has the heart of one chast as *Diana*.

Cor. The Young Lord *Scizinus* is an instrument
the fittest we can work on. I will find
A means to bribe her Servant, i'th' mean time
Do you endeavour to Possess the Prince,
And nothing shall be wanting to your wishes.

Rich. I will consider on.

Cor. It does not need.
Why are you melancholy, come, my Lord,
Sit down, I will divert your restless mind;
Where are my *Damons*, let me have Music there.
Still him if possible in spite of Love,
And let him nod into forgetfulness.

(*He waves his wand, and behind the Fountain rises a Triton and a Sea Nymph, who sing a Dialogue.*

A Dialogue between a *Triton* and a *Nayad*.

Triton. *OH! Turn and be kind, my dear Nymph of the Flood*
I burn in cold Water, Love's fire's in my blood.
At the bate of your Face some but nimble and look,
But I gap'd like a Gudgeon, and swallow'd the hook;

I was

I was Jolly and Fat as a Porpus *before,*
But now no Red Herring's more ſhotten and poor;
Yet while I purſue you, you coldly cry piſh,
Then Flounce, and away ſwim as nimble as a Fiſh.

Nymph. *'Tis hard to ſwim againſt the ſtream,*
Yet we muſt fly, tho' we eſteem,
For, Triton, *when a Nymph's your own*
You wind your ſelf, and then you're gon
To ſhun that ill, from you I'll keep,
And hide my bluſhes in the deep.

Triton. *Hold, hold, I'm a Pyrate, and make you my Prize,*
Charm'd with thoſe green Treſſes, bright Stones, and blue Eyes,
Yet truſt me, I'm conſtant, and hot as the Sun,
Each night to thy Boſome to cool me I'll run.

Nymph. *In the Evening hot, but cold next day,*
You go, and leave us ſhiver'd with fears,
To keep you long none can prevail,
Your Slippery Eeles hold by the tail.
To ſhun that fate from you I'll keep,
And hide my Bluſhes in the Deep.

Triton. *On a Bed of green Ooſe, Let me ſhew you a prize,*
A Branch of rough Coral, and Pearls of huge ſize,
Go with me my dear, and this Coyneſs give over,
They're yours as a pledge of the warmth of your Lover.

CHORUS.

Nymph. Oh do not leave ſtrugling, I'll never give over.

Triton. Nay prithee leave ſtrugling, I'll never give over.

(Carries her away and plunges with her.

After the Dialogue riſes eight Statues who leap of their Pedeſtals and Dance, after the Dance they ſink with the Fountain.

Rich.

Rich. I thank thee, honeſt *Corch*, for thy care,
How paſs the hours.
Cor. My Lord, 'tis almoſt Midnight.
Rich. This is a time of reſt for all but me,
Now the Day-labouring Souls are all refreſht,
Pride, Pomp and Luxury are all withdrawn,
And Vanity a full ceſation makes.
Lewdneſs it ſelf at this time Lazy grows,
And the tired ſenſes doſe upon their pleaſures;
The Atheiſt now grows Pall'd in wickedneſs,
And Slumbers o'er the ſcandal of his Spleen.
Even Murder's huſh'd, Adultery ſecure
The Veil of Heaven to the utmoſt verge is ſtretch'd,
And the high noon of Darkneſs lulls the World.
O Love! When art thou huſh'd, or when art hid,
Arts utmoſt ſubtilty is loſt on thee,
And ſpight of all deſcretion, in thy Eyes
Ten Thouſand Tel-tales bark in thy hot beams,
But I'll no more indulge the vanity
of this proud fair, ſhe ſhall be mine or die.
If I find ſhe's not for me decreed,
I'll Court Revenge, and ſmile to ſee her bleed.

ACT.

ACT III.

The SCENE is, *A very Pleasant Grove, and Stately Garden, belonging to the Pallace; the Great Walk is bounded on either side with Figures of Gold; and in large Vases of Gold, are Orange, Lemon, and other Trees.*

Enter Hersius *and* Spungius.

Her. TUrn Religious! I wou'd I had his Confessor in a Cloven Stick, that made me first think of Religion.

Spun. It was that Ape in White, that Boy *Seraphino*, made us turn Religious.

Her. Ay, a dissembling little Hypocrite, he told us the finest Tales of *Paradise*, and what fine Lives we shou'd lead when we came there, that, I'gad, 'twou'd have made a *Turk* turn'd Toper, to have heard him; and now all our promis'd Pleasures are turn'd to Tears and Grimmaces.

Spun. And Sighing and Sobbing.

Her. And Knocking your Breast, and Thumping your hard Heart, to know whether Goodman *Frailty* be within, or no: If these be the Pleasures of Religion, I'gad, I'll be Hang'd before I'll follow 'em; I have led such a Life of Sorrow, Brother, since yesterday, that a Dog is not able to indure the Fasting and Praying I have undergone.

Spun. I wonder, Brother *Hersius*, what the Pleasures of *Elizium* are?

Her. Why, I fancied you must know that in every Corner there, I shou'd have found a Young Handsome Wench ready to have devour'd me; but there's no such Pleasure in Religion as I can find.

Spun. And I fancied we shou'd have had all the brave Drinks and Eatables, as *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, as the Poet calls it, and such like.

Her. *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, prithee, Brother *Spungius*, what's that?

Spun, Why 'tis a Liquor the God's drink when they mean to make Merry; and when their Hands are in, they make no more of Dusting of a Tub of *Nectar*, then we do of a Tub of *Greek* Wine: But when shall I come to those Delicious Pleasures? If I cou'd but tell that I shou'd be satisfy'd.

Her. Ay, marry, I believe the best of 'em all wou'd be glad to be secur'd that; in the mean time they are glad to be secur'd with fat Livings, whose Trade it is to tell us of *Elizium*; for I observe, they are much more afraid of Dying, than we Whorers and Drinkers, Brother *Spungius*.

Spun. But hark ye *Hersius*; Why do they impose such Duties and Fleamies upon us?

Her. That is to make us Obedient, and them Rich; that what Pleasures they doubt of in th' other World, they may take in this before they go thither.

Spun. I wonder whether or no, *Bacchus* be Religious? For if he be not *Elizium*, we shall have but a dry time on't.

Her. *Bacchus*, yes, yes, *Bacchus* is head Butler there: But see who comes here, Brother *Spungius*.

Spung. It is the Lord *Arsaranes*'s Secretary; a rare Fellow they say, *Hercius*.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. Well met, my honest Friends.

Spung. We thank you, Sir.

Cor. What; are you in Consultations about your new Resolutions of leading your Lives Religious and Soberly.

Her. Soberly; yes, we have fir'd, indeed, very Soberly since Yesterday.

Spung. Ay truly, Sir, and very Chastly too; we have abstain'd both from the Grape and the Flesh.

Cor. Why who wou'd live in Service of a Lady, that will debar them of their Choicest Pleasures? What Diversion do you

you find in Prayings? What good do you get by wearing out your Feet to run on Scurvy Errands to the Poor, and to bear Money to a sort of Rogues, and Low-lie Prisoners?

Span. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Cor. You are rightly serv'd; before that Lady had to do with you, Women, Wine and Money, flowed in abundance to you. Did it not?

Her. O those Days, those Days!

Cor. Come, learn not your Beads, nor tear your Hair in Madness. Be ruled by me, those Days shall come again, and better, mark me, better.

Span. As I take it, Sir, you belong to his Grace *Arfaxerxes*?

Cor. Yes, yes, in show, his Servant; but hark hither, take heed no Body listens.

Her. Not a Mouse stirs.

Cor. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Span. Disguis'd! how Drunk?

Cor. Why faith, my Boys, I'll Drink too, and be Drunk. I am a Prince, and any Man by me (so he in but keep my Rules) shall soon be Rich, exceeding Rich, most infinitely Rich; if you'll serve me, ye shan't be starv'd from Pleasures, as other poor Rogues are, but take your fill.

Her. Serve you, Egad I'd serve you before any Prince under the Zodiack.

Span. Ay, by Jove, so above me neither.

Cor. and you will quit your Mistress?

Her. Quit her, hang her; a Man cannot thrive worse, if he fawn'd the Devil.

Cor. How! the Devil? I'll tell ye what now of the Devil; he's no such horrid Creature, Cloven-Footed, Black Sawcer-Ey'd, his Nostrils breathing Fire, as these Lying Religious Fools would make you believe.

Span. No!

Cor. No, no, he's more Loving to Man, than Man to Man is.

Her. Alack, good Gentleman, how is he wrong'd!

Span. Would we two could come acquainted with him.

Cor. You shall; he's a wondrous Good Fellow, Loves a Cup of Wine, a Whore, or any thing.

Her. Do's he love a Whore, say you?

Cor. Oh mightily!

Her. 'Gad I'll help him to one then; she is not very handsome, but she's well enough; she offer'd her self to the Playhouses, and they refused her; and if once the Players refuse her, I'm sure she's fit for no Body but the Devil.

Cor. Well said my Lad; 'tis ten to one in a short time I bring him to the Tavern to you.

Spun. 'Gad I'll bespeak the best Room in the House for him: But pray, Sir, Does the Devil pay Two Shillings a Flask for his Wine?

Cor. Oh always.

Spun. Then I find he has some Relation to us *Britans*, he'd never suffer himself to be made such a Bubble else: But pray, do's the Devil love Dancing, Sir?

Cor. O yes, extreamly! Loves Dances; but of a different sort to what you have here: I'll shew you, to divert you, the Fashion of his Country.

Spun. O Lord, Sir, you'll oblige us wonderfully.

Coreb waves his Wand, and a Misty Cloud rises out of the Earth; as it ascends, a great Wind-mill is discovered, out of which comes Millers, and Country Women, who Dance: After their Dance, the Wind-mill is changed into a Witch, out of which come several Devils, who Dance with the Witch, and then sink.

Cor. Now what think ye?

Her. Think? Why *I* think *I* shall never be at quiet till I'm with the Devil.

Cor. If you knew him so well as I do, you'd be more impatient: Why there's nothing you can ask him for, but immediately it's brought ye: Ask for a handsome Whore, you have her presently.

Spun. And will the Devil keep the Door, Sir.

Cor. No, no, that's below his Dignity; but he has those ready at hand that will.

Spun. But pray, Sir, when shall we enter into Service, for I'm impatient?

Cor. To morrow Morning; but one Piece of Service you must do me first.

Her. Any thing: Pray be pleas'd to Command us; I'll not scruple any thing that may be serviceable to you, upon my Word.

Spun. Nor I, tho' 'twere to hang my Mother, and Raviſh her afterwards. Pray, Sir, what is't.

Cor. 'Tis this: the Prince, and the young Lord *Sozimon*, this Day Feaſt with your Lady; I'd have you put this into her Drink; and you, be mindful to Spice the Lord *Sozimon*'s Bowl with this; and when your Feaſting's over, let me privately into your Lady's Chamber.

Her. Into her Chamber! Ay, Sir, into her Bed, if your Worſhip pleaſe.

Cor. Well ſaid: Do this, and you ſhall both be happy.

Spun. Never fear us, Sir; I gad, I'll Pepper my Lady's Bowl, I'll warrant you.

Her. And I, my Lords, as I hope to be acquainted with the Devil. *Exit. Her. and* Spun.

Cor. Poor helpleſs Fools, How greedily for Gold
Wou'd theſe vain Wretches, ſacrifice their God.
Now, proud *Auguſta*, is thy Ruine near:
Nor will I let my Art be baffled longer;
But I muſt watch a Time, when *Serapina*
Is abſent from the Mighty Charge he holds,
See where *Auguſta* comes, with *Thamaſis*.
Now were a Time to check her Tow'ring Pride,
And lay her Lofty Palaces in Duſt.
I'll do't: But ha! my Ancient Enemy (Angelo *ſeen in the Air with* Hermes.
Is ſtill at hand, to vanquiſh my Deſigns:
But tho' I now am of Revenge debarr'd,
If Hell have Power, thou ſhalt not long eſcape me. *Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis falſe, malicious Fiend: No, poor *Auguſta*,
Thou art the Care of Heaven, by whoſe Command,
Hermes, and I, do hover ſtill about thee.
Iris, by *Juno*, is already ſent
To Guard thy Moſt-Lov'd Monarch, ſafe to Land,
And bleſs his Country with his Wiſh'd-for Preſence.

Iris Mercury

Mercury *sings.*

SEE the opening Clouds divide asunder,
And see, see, yonder,
The Angry Wife of Jove, *descending from Above,*
More loud than all Jove's *Thunder.*

Juno *descends on her* Peacock: *As it comes near the Stage, the Clouds opon and discover the* Tail *of the* Peacock, *which is so wide, it almost covers the Stage.* Juno *comes forward, and sings.*

Juno. *No,* Hermes, *no, all Quarrels cease,*
In Heaven, as well as Earth, 'tis Peace:
Jove *by the* Stygian Lake *has swore,*
His Wandring Love shall Rove no more.

Thamesis *sings.*

Great Queen, who shin'st with those bright Beams,
Whose Glory gilds my Streams,
See what Bending Knees we pay Thee,
Thus Adore Thee, thus Obey Thee.

Augustina *sings.*

Bright Queen of Hymen's *hallow'd Fires,*
The Sovereign of all Coast Desires,
That with true Joy the Genial Bed inspires;
See what Bending Knees we Pay Thee,
Thus Adore Thee, thus Obey Thee.

Chorus. *Great Queen, &c.*

Iris *descends on a Rainbow, and comes forward.*

Juno. *Say* Iris *say, from the Batavian Strand*
What News hast thou brought o're,
Hast thou Obey'd my Great Command,
And brought Great Albion *safe to Shore.*

Iris. Neptune, *his Brother, Lord o'th' Ocean,*
And his Sea-Nymphs whole Devotion;
Venus *in her Shell attends him,*
Her Fair Hand, and Smiles, she lends him,
Thousand Prayers to waft him o're,
And carefully has brought him safe to Shore.
See, see, the Crowds, and Joys all round,
Welcome Thunders all before,
Till the Gods join in the Chorus,
Welcome, Heaven *and Earth resound.*

Mercury. *If Mortals Laud and Sing,*
'Tis time we Gods take Wing,
To mount and send her Glory,
The Guardian of his Crown,
Astrea *who from Earth was driven,*
Till Albion *call'd her back from Heaven.*

Chorus. Then all prepare to Sing his Fame,
Sing all, Sing all, Great *Albion*'s Name,
For 'twas by Mighty *Jove* Decreed,
This Island should by him be freed.

While this Chorus *is Singing,* Juno, Iris, *and* Mercury *ascend.*

After

After the Musick, Augusta *speaks.*

Aug. Come, *Thamesis,* prepare to meet our Lord,
Let him glide gently on these Silver Streams,
While I with all my stately Towers prepare
To welcome him from his long Toyls of War. *Exit.*

Enter Arfaracus, *and* Locrinus.

Arf. Hear me but out, my Lord.
Loc. Forbear to tempt me
With the least sound against her Constant Virtue,
I should as soon believe the Queen of Night
Wou'd mount the Fiery Chariot of the Day,
And to that God resign her Chastity,
As my dear *Estrildis* injure me.
Arf. My Lord, I bear the same Belief with you;
But when I hear so many busie Tongues
With Private, Publick Whisperings, proclaiming
The Great Dishonour of my Much-lov'd Prince,
My Duty and Allegiance both start up,
And bid me shew my self your Real Friend.
Loc. Why? dost thou think she's false?
Arf. Not I, by Heaven,
But the poor Lady, arm'd with Innocence,
May pour forth Favours to Unthinking Men,
Whose Vanity may make her Vertuous Freedom
Seem to the World, a Blemish of her Mind.
Loc. By Heaven, and thou say'st right; our Foolish Youth
Cannot be Judges of a Real Vertue;
Their Folly is the only Glass they look in,
And what to Noble Minds shou'd Beauteous seem,
To them appears Deform'd. *Arfaracus,* I thank thee;
And tho' I know her Soul is clear as Day,
Yet in her Conduct she may chance to err.
Arf. 'Tis true, my Lord, clear Souls, still take most Free-
Loc. I'll instantly Attend upon my Love, And
with

And with my ſtricteſt Care contrive a way
To ſtop the Cenſure of Unknowing Fools,
Whoſe Judgment Indiſcretion over-rules. *Exit.*

Arſ. Now *Careb*, now, if thou but keep thy Promiſe,
How many Wrecks will tear his hated Soul?
But ſhould his ſwelling Rage burſt forth on her,
And Paſſion thruſt him on her Innocent Life,
Then what I have with Care ſtrove to obtain,
Muſt be faſt lock'd in the Cold Arms of Death!
I cannot bear the thought on't. O my *Careb*,
If thou haſt News of Joy, declare it quickly.

Enter Careb.

Cor. 'Tis done, 'tis done, my Lord; I left the Prince
Tearing the Ground like an entangled Lyon.

Arſ. Haſt thou ſucceeded then?

Cor. Beyond my Hopes.
Soon as the Potion had its wiſh'd Effects,
Amarante did retire into her Chamber,
Where on her Couch ſhe laid her ſelf to reſt,
The young Lord *Sozimope*, whom I had before
Drawn from the Company, on pretence of Buſineſs,
Sate himſelf down, and in a little time
The drowſie God of Sleep o'repower'd him;
In which, I, by the Aſſiſtance of two Knaves
That I had bought by Gold and Promiſes,
I laid him gently by the Counteſs's ſide,
And in that Poſture has the Prince ſurpriz'd him.

Arſ. And what's become of *Sozimope*?

Cor. I heard the Prince
Give Order to the Guards for his Confinement;
And had not they ſtept in, he had murder'd him.
But ſee, he comes, my Lord, we had beſt retire.

Arſ. Yes, I will go, and hug my ſelf to think
How eaſie 'tis to make a Great Man wretched. *Exit.*

Enter Locrinus, *followed by* Amarante.

Amar. Yet ſtay and hear me, Oh, my honour'd Lord!
Thus, on my Knees, I beg you'd give me Hearing.

Loc. How canſt thou dare to be within my Preſence,
Or think of living, after thou haſt wrong'd me?

Amar. When I do wrong you, may I ceaſe to live.

Loc. Nay, prithee, add not to thy impious Crime,
And varniſh o're thy Whoredom with a Lye:
Had I but only heard, not ſeen thy Fullhood,
I cou'd not have believed, tho' Heaven had ſpoke it:
But to behold ye clung like twiſted Adders,
Tyr'd and doz'd o're your vicious Sin,
Let me not think on't: Get thee from my Sight;
Madneſs is buſie Working in my Brain,
And all my Thoughts are bent on Blood and Murder.

Amar. Let it be ſo; I'm prepar'd for Death;
And tho' I'm ſure 'twas the curs'd Power of Magick
That caſt this Darkning Miſt over my Fame,
Yet I will kneel, and grow beneath your Feet,
Till I have made you ſenſible you wrong me.

Loc. I beg thou wou'd'ſt not tempt my Juſtice long,
For I do love thee, tho' I know thee falſe:
And, O, bear Witneſs, you Immortal Powers,
I throw thee from my Sight with greater Pain,
Than our firſt Parents left their Paradice:
For tho' thy Canker'd Soul is Spotted o're,
Thy Face is ſtill enrich'd with all its Beauties.

Amar. What ſhall I ſay, or how ſhall I convince you?

Loc. There's not a Poſſibility in Nature,
And all the Pleaſure thou canſt give me now,
Is to retire, and never ſee thee more.

Amar. Since it will pleaſe my Lord, I will be gone:
But when I'm dead, as I ſhall quickly be,
For long I cannot bear this Separation,
May Heaven, that ſees how I am with Wrongs oppreſt,
Make my Truth known, and I ſhall be at reſt. *Exit.*

Los. You swelling Mountains, that o're-view the Earth,
Fall now, make me eternally unseen;
Philosophy, Contract thy Aged Sage Brow,
Let Patience be no more thy Name, as soon
Give Medicines to the Dead, bid Statues walk,
And Angry Winds sleep Quiet in the *North*;
As soon bid empty Lyons play with Kids,
And bid the shaggy *Scythian* Mourn and Weep
As Virgins do when they Inter their Loves;
The blind and shuffled Elements, that first
In Chaos strove, were not so opposite
As Religious Fraud is to my Heart.
[illegible] are more fond than Teeming Wives,
[illegible] than Sleep. Divinity, which calls
Our Actions Sin, and Courage, Pride, has sent
This silly Cherubim to Earth, this Patience
The Coward's Sword, that only does Disarm
Dull Sleep, that neither can, nor wou'd do harm. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Continued.*

Enter Hertius, *and* Spungius Galy, *dress with fine Cloaths, and a* French *Page.*

Her. COme on Brother *Spungius*, good Times are come agen:
See what we have got by being in the Fashion,
And kicking that troublesome Companion, Religion,
Out of our Consciences.

Spung. Ay, ay, Brother *Hertius*, happy is he, I say, that can get into the Service of the Devil. Page.

Page. Monsieur.

Hert. What Answer did the Lady make to my Letter.

Page. A Garzoone, me was never so much put to't before, Jerne, me have Pimp, for all de Noble-men of *France*, and receive much *Lar-Jon*; but by Gar, me have met wid nothing for my Good Inclination of Pimping for you, but Kicks, Buffets, a Broken Pate, Morbleu.

Spung. Why, Sirrah, Sirrah, do ye intend to Serve in the Honourable Post of Page, to our Worships, and Grumble at a Broken Pate.

Page. No, Garzoone, me shou'd no have Grumble, if you had de Lady; but by Gar, she speak no much Love of him, she put up my toder Maters Money in her Pocket. And then, Jerne, she bid her Footman kick me down Stairs.

Her. Well, well, I'll deal well enough with her.

Page. It had been well vor Monsieur a moy, if her Footman had dealt well a by me.

Spun. Peace, Sirra, here's the Devil's Privy Counsellor, we must have a great Care of Grumbling in his Company.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. Well, my good Boys,
How de you find your selves, since your new Service?

Her. Why, as the Devil would have it, we are mighty well Contented.

Spun. We are only afraid, we sha'nt have the Power to deserve these Mighty Favours, the Right Worshipsul Mr. *Lucifer* is pleas'd to Confer upon us.

Cor. Fear not, 'tis in your Power to serve him now:
Who is that with you?

Her. That, Sir, 'tis our Page: We are resolv'd to live as great as we can, that the Devil mayn't loose any Credit by us.

Cor.

Cor. Well said, I'm come to Dine with you.

Spun. 'Faith, Sir, you shall be very welcome.

Cor. Nay, you ought to bid me welcome, since I bring my Fare with me.

Spun. In your Pocket, Sir?

Cor. That you shall see:

Waves his Wand, and a Banquet rises, they sit down, and two Scaramouch *Men, and two* Scaramouch *Women Enter and Dance: Then two* Harlequin *Men and Women. After the Dance,* Coreb *speaks.*

Cor. You see how very kind I have been to you; which Kindness I'll continue, if you're Faithful.

Spun. Faithful; Pray, Sir, don't be so unkind, as to doubt us? Command us to Hang our selves; and to shew how Zealous we are, we won't stay for Ropes, but do it in our own Garters.

Cor. Then hear me, Friends: The Prince this Morning goes to meet the King: Now I would have you two, with others that I have imploy'd already, to intercept him; and when you behold the Lord *Maximus*, in private Conference with him, strike this into his Heart. [*Gives a Dagger.*

Her. We'll do't.

Spun. Fear not, we'll open his Belly, and Hang him in his own Guts.

Cor. Come on then, be but firm, and you shall prosper.

Her. Never doubt us, Sir: Come, Page, *Alon.*

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to the Cliff of Dover. *Augusta*, *Thamesis*, and their Followers rise out of the Sea and Sing.

CHORUS.

HAil Royal *Albion*! Hail to thee,
Sent from the Gods, to set us free
From Bondage, and from Slavery.

Thamesis. *Hark, I am call'd; old Father Ocean*
Calls my Tide;
Come away,
On the Mounting Billows dancing,
See the Royal Bark advancing;
The Waves, the Wind and Sea,
Ate all at Albion's dear Devotion.

1st Triton. *See the Merry Boatswain too,*
Has call'd his Jolley Crew,

Chorus. Come, come, come, &c.

A Dance of six Watermen.

Neptune. *See, see, the Sea Gods trim thy Sails,*
Every Nymph in all her Pride.

1st Triton. *Wafted by the Calmer Gales,*
O're thy own Main Triumphant Ride.

Augusta.

Augusta. *Each Neried does her Locks adorn,*
And every Triton winds his Horn:
The Lovely Mermaid too, behold
How she Combs her flowing Gold:
Without a Snare, or Charm, she sings,
Welcome to the best of Kings.

Chorus. Welcome, *&c.*

Apollo descends in his Chariot.

Apollo. Albion *all Hail! Thou Sacred Head!*
Heavens Darling Care, no Danger dread:
For Walls of Fate, thy Life Enclose,
The Plots of thy Malitious Foes,
Abhor'd above, Expos'd below,
Their own dull Light shall shew
Treason, which her Infernal Train
Worke in her Hellish Mines in vain.

Chorus. *Albion,* all Hail, *&c.*

Apollo. *My Oracles declare, When he has done*
His sunsh'd Work of Fate,
And broke the Universal Yoke,
A Smiling Race of Years, his Reign shall
Crown.

A Song in Three Parts.

AT Albion's Return, this Happy Isle,
Dries up her Widows Tears a While,
And with a Smile, Plumes like a Bride,
With Joy and Pride.
The Meadows smile, the Groves and Flowers are Gay,
All Nature cheers up at this Great and Glorious Day.

Cho. At *Albion's* Return, *&c.*

Enter King Locrinus, *and two Lords.*

King. How different is the Clime, to what I left it?
My Kingdom sure, is by Enchantment Govern'd:
Musick attends us both by Sea and Land:
Eccho's of Joy still hover round about us;
But for what Cause, Heaven only can be Judge.

1st Lord. It shews that Heaven rejoyces at your Safety.

King. I hope I have with strictest Care perform'd
The Charge, which Heaven, and you, have laid upon me;
But blame me not, if I appear Concern'd
At the Unusual and Surprizing Accidents.

2d Lord. I must confess, my Liege, 'tis most amazing.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Thou seemst in haste; Quickly declare thy Message.

Mess. My Leige, the Prince your Son with a small Guard
Was hasting to your Majesty,
While Treacherous *Arsaracus* who bore him Company,
Did with a band of Ruffins fall upon 'em;
But a strong Party of your Guards approaching,
The Villains fled, but were soon overtaken,
And *Arsaracus* with the rest are bringing hither.

King. Is't possible? Cou'd *Arsaracus* play the Villain?
And to my Son, a Prince that made his Fortunes,
From a mean State raised him to Power and Greatness!
Where is there Truth or Honour to be found,
If those whom we have foster'd in our Bosoms
Should like ungrateful Snakes sting to our Hearts?

Enter Lucrinus, Arsaracus, Herlius, Spungius, &c. Prisoners. The Prince Kneels.

Ever Angels be Guardians to my Royal Father;
And Heaven with Blessings Crown his Virtuous Reign.
May Treason but a Stranger to his Realms,
And all the Bloud of his Malicious Foes
Fall doubly on the Curst Contrivers Heads.

King. Thank thee, my Son; Rise; let me look a little,
To see where *Villain*'s writ upon that Man:
Not in his Face that bears a shew of Honesty;
His Person too cast in a Noble Form,
No 'tis within, and his Ignoble Soul
All over does the stamp of Villain bear.

Locr. Sir, on my Knees I beg you'd calm your Anger,
For he has made me ample satisfaction,
And by his free Confession clear'd the Fame
Of my ador'd, my best lov'd *Amarante.*

King. Cou'd any Villain dare to blast her Virtue?

Locr. The Story, Royal Sir's too long to tell,
But give me leave Sir, to perform my Promise,
Which was to spare his Life; and on my Knees
I beg that you will grant it.

King. I will my Son.
But never more appear within my Kingdom:
Go, wander thro the World, like the first Murderer;
Thou needst no Mark, thy Crimes will speak themselves.

Arsar. I go, and Noble Prince, the Life you give,
I'le wear in hopes that it may do you Service,
My banishment, I do Embrace with Joy, and
I have now no farther use for Life,
But to repent I ever wrong'd such Virtue. (*Exit.*

Locr. Now Villain, what canst thou say?

Dor. Why, I am sorry I have tane such pains to do so little mischief.

King. Drag him to the Gibbet.

Cor. I defie ye, Laugh at ye.
And when you see me next take care of me. (*Sinks.*

King. Amazing.

Span. What is he gone and left us. Why Bro. *Horsus*, we shall never be able to find the way to the Devil without him.

Locr. Now, what can you expect? ungrateful Villains!

Herf. Why we expect to be hang'd, and I dare Swear you won't let us go without our Expectations,

King. To Prison with 'em. Leave 'em to the Law;

They are not worth our Anger: Come my Son,
I thought by mildneſs to have rul'd my Subjects,
But I perceive they'l rowze the ſleeping Sword,
And force Revenge from their Offended Lord.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, the Thames.

As the King enters, the Cave of Proteus *riſes, which conſiſts of Twelve Arches of the* Tuſcan *Order: The Frontiſpiece is adorn'd with a* Tritan, *a* Neired, *and ſeveral Sea-monſters, enrich'd with Mother-Pearl, Coral, and Sea-ſhells. At the farther end* Proteus *appears, with his Followers, who come forward and ſing.*

A SONG.

Proteus. ALbion, *belov'd of Earth and Heaven,*
Bid rough War and Battel ceaſe;
Return with Fame when thou haſt driven
The hunted Tyrant *down, and given*
Europe *a Univerſal Peace.*

Chor. Albion *belov'd, &c.*

Pro-

Proteus. Albion! Albion! *Heaven attends him;*
Heaven it's Guardian Angels lends him:
Nor wonder Heaven's best Smile defends him,
When for Heaven his Sword he draws,
His Standard's Heaven, and Heaven's his Cause.

King. You great all-knowing Powers, that rule the World,
Who ſtill to ſure Succeſs have guided me;
Thus on my Knees I pay, with humble Duty,
Submiſſive Thanks for all theſe wondrous Bleſſings.
And you my faithful Subjects ſtill ſhall find,
Your Liberties and Laws I will maintain;
And not with Terror, but with Mercy reign. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a ſtately Palace, compos'd of wreath'd Columns of the Corinthian *Order; the Wreathings are adorn'd with Roſes, and the Columns have ſeveral little* Cupids *flying about 'em, and a ſingle* Cupid *ſtanding upon every Capitol. At a good diſtance you ſee three Arches, which divide the firſt Court from the other part of the Building. The Arches are beautified with Feſtoons; all the* Cupids, *Capitol, and Enrichments are of Gold.*

Enter Locrinus *and* Amarante.

Locr. Canſt thou, my Fair One, be ſo charitable,
So kind, ſo full of Goodneſs to forgive me?

Canſt

Canst thou into thy Bosom take the Wretch,
Whose base Injustice banish'd thee his Sight?
Ann. My Lord! I do with greater Joy receive ye,
Than I with Grief did leave ye. Oh, my Lord!
Did you but know the racking Pains I've suffer'd
For every moment you were absent from me,
Had I been guilty, you'd have pitied me.
Locr. My best belov'd, I have sympathiz'd with thee:
Nor can I speak the Torments I've endur'd.
Prometheus Vulture gnawing at his Heart
Was a Delight to that which fed on me.
But laying thus my Head upon thy Bosom,
I find a soveraign Balm for all my Sorrows.

Enter King attended.

King. Rise, rise, you greatest Blessings of my Age;
You great and virtuous Patterns of all Goodness.
Ann. Welcome, my Royal Lord, Ten thousand Welcomes.
Your drooping Kingdom now will raise her Head,
And gaze with Joy upon her great Deliverer.
King. Come hither Son, and from my Hand receive
The greatest Gift that I have Power to give.
May you be happy both, and *Hymen* wait,
With all the Marriage-Joys, about your Bed.
Both] Eternal Blessings Crown your Royal Head.

Soft MUSICK. Seraphino *descends.*

King. Ha! Behold my Son,
The Heavenly power, that unseen was with us,

Now

Now shews its dazling Form, and wondrous Beauty.
Ama. Thou Glorious Minister of those Powers we serve:
For thou art more than Mortal; Is't for us
That thou hast left thy Heavenly Habitation?
And vouchsaf'st, tho Glorified, to take my Servants habit,
For put off thy Divinity. So look'd
My lovely *Seraphina!*
Seraph. Know I am the same,
And still the Servant to your Piety:
Your Zealous Prayers and Pious Deeds first won me,
To Guide your Steps. I tried your Charity,
When in a Beggars shape you took me up
And cloath'd my naked Limbs; and after fed me.
O let the world by your example learn
To look upon the poor with gentle Eyes:
I never left you yet, nor will I now;
But will be still a Guard to you and *Albion*,
Blessings shall wait on him, where e're he goes;
And Great *Augusta* Triumph o're her Foes.

M U S I C K.

A very large Machine descends, the Figure of it is Oval, the Clouds Gold, with Figures of Cherubims flying about. In this Machine sits Apollo, Cupid, Mars, Vulcan, Juno, Venus, *&c.* Apollo *sings.*

Apollo.

Apollo. *From the Imperial Court of Jove,*
From the great Divan above,
He me to bid the Conquering Albion *reign,*
Soveraign Lord of Land and Main.
Albion, *nurst in Honour's School,*
Shall with Heroick Virtues rule.

A Symphany: After that, a Dialogue.

Cupid *Sings.*

Cupid. *The God of Love, with all his Train,*
Shall wait great Albion *o'er the Main;*
My Mother Venus *shall attend him,*
And great Mars *in War befriend him:*
Mars, Venus, *and* Cupid *shall all be at hand*
To wait your great Hero's *Command.*

Vulcan. *Why how now Youngster! now I find*
It is by your kind Aid
My Virtuous Wife to Mars *is joyn'd,*
And [illegible]

Cupid. O Vulcan!

Vulcan. *Is this like a Son,*
To see your poor Daddy abus'd?

Cupid. *And was't like a wise God to marry with one*
That to Cuckolding was so much us'd?

Vulcan. *Come, come, young God, since it is so,*
I'll break your Arrows and your Bow.

Cupid.

Cupid. *No, pray now, Father, ſpare 'em, and I'll take care to be*

Vulcan. *As great a Knave to others as thou'ſt been to me.*

Mars. *Ceaſe* Vulcan, *ceaſe, or ſtrait prepare*
To feel the angry God of War:
Thy Son 'gainſt all thy Force I will maintain,
And ſoon will

Vulcan. *Cuckold me again.*
Then repine not you Mortals, but lead merry Lives;
For a God can be Bully'd you ſee:
Then loſe not your Blood in defence of your Wives;
But be Cuckolds, tame Cuckolds, like me.

Mars, Venus, Vulc. Cupid. } *Then repine not, you Mortals, but lead merry lives;*
For a God can be Bully'd you ſee:
Then loſe not your Blood in defence of your Wives;
For a Cuckold great Vulcan *muſt be.*

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

'TIS vain to tell me I am deceiv'd;
For Celia seems so kind,
'Twere Sin she shou'd not be believ'd,
Since I no Cheat can find.
If Flattery with Falshood lye
In her soft Youth conceal'd,
A thousand times I'd rather dye,
Than have the Truth reveal'd.

II.

Let busie Fools in Libels rail,
Their Malice I'll outbrave;
Over me no Scandal shall prevail,
So she the Appearance save:
For if I think I have her Heart,
My own for hers is due;
Let her but act the tender part,
I'll think the Joy is true.

Apollo.

Apollo. See where Triumphant Fame prepares to sing
The Glories of your King.

A Symphany.

As Apollo's *Heaven ascends, the Temple of* Fame *rises from underneath the Stage, in which is* Fame, *and his Followers:* Fame *comes forward, with his Followers, and sings:*

Fame. *You Nymphs that attend the Soveraign Barge,*
Guard, guard your Royal Charge;
And let your loyal Hands the Bark support,
With all the Glory of your Watry Court.

Chor. *Then let your Royal,* &c.

Fame. *Pleasure and Joy shall waft him o'er,*
And Triumph echo round from Shore to Shore.

Grand Chor. *Pleasure and Joy,* &c.

A Dialogue between an Old Man and a Young Girl.

O. Man. *WHy doſt thou fly me, pretty Maid?*
Tho' old, I feel Loves Fires,
Which can't be quench'd without thy Aid.
Then prithee, Fair One, be not cold;
For tho' 'tis true, I'm very old,
I ſtill have young Deſires.

Girl. *Nay, prithee dear Neſtor, ceaſe, ceaſe this Diſcourſe*
For I have often been told,
That for a young Virgin there is nothing worſe,
Than to Bed with a Man that is old.

O. Man. *You much miſtake, my pretty Fair,*
For Old Men always conſtant are.

Girl. *I do not doubt your Conſtancy,*
For Age, of courſe, muſt conſtant be:

Your

Your Youthful Vigour being gone,
You scarce can think of more than One.

O. Man. *Is there nothing then can gain ye?*

Girl. *Yes, yes, there is.*

O. Man. *Here's Gold; will that obtain ye?*

Girl. *O fie, pish, pish.*

O. Man. *See, here is store of Gold.*

Girl. *O fie, fie, fie! you'r Old.*

O. Man. *No matter, Child, here's Gold.*

[She takes it.

Girl. *Well, I'll take it for once, but I must have more,*
For this is too little to win me.

O. Man. *Nay, rather than so, thou sha't have all my store,*
And if that fail, the Devil is in thee.

Girl. *I thank you, and now I must go.*

O. Man. *And I will go with thee.*

Girl. *O no, no, no, no.*

O. Man. *Why sure, Child, you won't serve me so.*

Girl.

Girl. *Indeed, but I muſt.*

O. Man. *Then give me my Gold.*

Girl. *No; I never make Preſents to Men that are Old.*

[She runs off, and he after her.

Fame. Now *Fame*'s loudeſt Trumpet ſound;
Albion from Pole to Pole rebound:
Let all, let all his Titles rattle,
Founder of Peace, and God of Battle.

King. Let's haſte to pay, or ſacrifice to Heaven,
And then to War I will again return;
Our Foes, I hear, already take the Field;
Therefore, my Son, to you I leave the Charge
Of this my Kingdom, with full Power to act
As you ſhall beſt think fit.

Lov.

Locr. Which Power, my Lord,
I hope I ſhall diſcharge with Care and Juſtice.
Now *Amarante*, now the time is come
That I ſo long have with Impatience wiſh'd for.
Yet tho' I'm bleſt with Love, I ſtill ſhall mourn,
And find no Joy till your moſt-wiſh'd Return.

FINIS.

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